

SEPTEMBER

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



ARTICLES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY
THEODORE DREISER
ROCKWELL KENT
LANGSTON HUGHES
HARPO MARX
EDWIN BALMER
EDWARD M. BARROWS
LAWTON MACKALL
FREDERICK H. BRENNAN
WILLIAM C. WHITE
PAUL W. KEARNEY
CARLETON SMITH

FICTION

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L. A. G. STRONG
MORLEY CALLAGHAN
FRANCIS FUHR
BILL ADAMS
ARCHIE BINNS
ARTHUR SHUMWAY
CHARLES M. BAYER

SPORTS

WESTBROOK PEGLER
HERB GRAFFIS
JOHN R. TUNIS
CARLTON BROWN

HUMOR

RAYMOND KNIGHT
JOSEPH SCHRANK
GEOFFREY KERR
WALTER R. BROOKS

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BURTON RASCOE
SIGMUND SPAETH
MEYER LEVIN
A. de SAKHNOFFSKY

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
R. VAN BUREN
D. McKAY
SIDNEY HOFF
ABNER DEAN
EVERETT SHINN
HOWARD BAER
TY MAHON
GEORGE PETTY
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RODNEY de SARRO
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(COVER)

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS

INDEX ON PAGE 11



Madam, your car awaits without



Edna of an old just though it is, the title of this advertisement explains why so many women value Body by Fisher, and will have nothing less. Madam's car awaits without a hint of idle fuss and finks that lessen the joy and ease of travel. No clanking dials, for example, blow through the car as crying sirens and wailing thumps—thanks to Fisher-powered and perfected No Draft Ventilators

Now is it necessary that the driver's elbow perch on the window sill—dearly valued arm rests are provided, front and rear. Even the upholstery in Body by Fisher considerably protect the body from rain. Details, perhaps, but added to make it an other provision for your safety and comfort, they point to any car with Body by Fisher as a car awaiting full with love.



Body by Fisher

General Motors Cars Buick, Chevrolet, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Buick, LaSalle, Cadillac

Pleasant
REFLECTIONS



The mellow character which of flavor in Rittenhouse Square Single Rye Whisky suggests traditional craftsmanship. It has that generous taste and assured character enjoyed by established possums in straight rye whisky. 50 proof, of a rich warmth and mellowness that we can hold your cherished attention. Drink it. You'll like it! And you'll like its old-fashioned price.

Bottled and bottled by Rittenhouse Square Whisky Company, Philadelphia. Also Dealers at Baltimore, Boston, New York, and other cities.

RITTENHOUSE
Square
RYE WHISKY

Manhattan

SHIRTS
FOR THE MAN OF TODAY



\$7.95 to \$12.50
What Good Does \$10.00?

The smart man of today prefers a touch of color in his shirt, some new refreshing note in design, more individuality and character. Manhattan shirts are the products of America's foremost authority in the styling of men's shirts. Manhattan patterned shirt originals



are recognized as the last word in correctness and good taste. They are considered by well-groomed men as an essential part of a smart wardrobe. We suggest Manhattan patterned

shirts for the modern man who wants his shirt style to be new and youthful, and alive with the quick spirit of the times. Manhattan shirts have an air of good breeding and quality. They are made with a mastery and conscientious craftsmanship. If you appreciate the finer things of these modern times, if you realize the importance of impressive attire in your daily life, give great the world tomorrow a new patterned Manhattan shirt.



THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

FEATURED THIS FALL

by more than

5,000

leading shops

TROUSERS

tailored with

TALON

in clothes correctly styled

The wisdom of the old hatter-choosing pattern. The fit, smooth, continuous, seamless character made possible by the Talon Trouser Fastener is now recognized as definitely superior.

The foremost designers in America have sponsored it. The great names in the clothing industry have adopted this refined tailoring method on their models.

The leading custom makers throughout the country are using it—to achieve perfection of tailoring in the garments they create.

It is the latest refinement in the tailoring of suits for men of all ages, for business or dress wear, and is also available in the better clothes for boys.

WHY TALON MEANS NEW DISTINCTION IN TROUSERS

1. Talon Trouser Fastener is superior to all trousers made especially for a man's new suit—smooth and completely trouble-free.
2. Talon Trouser Fastener is superior to all trousers made especially for a man's new suit—smooth and completely trouble-free.
3. Talon Trouser Fastener is superior to all trousers made especially for a man's new suit—smooth and completely trouble-free.
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ALONE
IN
QUALITY

The Ethyl pump stands side by side with other pumps, but it stands alone in quality. The only way to get Ethyl performance out of your car is to put Ethyl Gasoline into the tank. . . . NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!



ETHYL CONTAINS SUFFICIENT LEAD (TETRAETHYL) TO MAKE IT THE WORLD'S QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

Once there were two Colonels



Use one of these Colonels, it is a violation of Southern honor to reach the border of any of our great states.

In the office, no play holds its full, true force unless the man is crushed. But no one paid the expense always declares into warm agreement. The few who play in our in a play to Four Roses!

Because there's no business in this whiskey. As well as Southern men, light-made from wheat, naturally aged in such conditions. The world is taken a bit of "knowing him" in

make a whiskey like Four Roses. But Frankfort has the skill and the few generations of experience.

Try Four Roses. It is bottled only in full parts and quarts, and comes sealed in the patented Frankfort. First that must be destroyed before the bottle opens it can be removed.

"Give S. Cobb's Own Knappe Book" —by the famous author himself—is just coming off the press. Send 50¢ to www.frankfort.com for a copy. Address: Frankfort Distillers, Incorporated, Louisville.

There are many ways to make a great job, but this is the only one that



**FOUR ROSES
WHISKEY**

MADE BY FRANKFORT
LOUISVILLE BALTIMORE

Try these other Frankfort Whiskies!

PAUL JONES

OLD SCOTCH OLD SCOTCH PEPPER
ANTHONY MEADVILLE

This advertisement is not intended to be a statement of opinion or a recommendation of any product.

Makes this — as good as this!



This motorized razor-blade sharpener puts a "Barber's Edge" on any blade!

YOU don't have to worry about dull razor blades any more.

The General Electric Company put its knowledge and its resources to work to give mankind a better shave and so what happened?

Here is a motorized razor-blade sharpener that puts an edge on a brand new razor blade no manufacturer has equaled. It makes used blades as good as new. It gives you more shaves out of one blade than you ever dreamed possible. And every shave is smooth and close as the best you ever got from a barber.

There are two models—\$6.95 and \$1.50—for select leading men's furnishing departments, sporting goods and electrical supply stores. Get one of these General Electric Motorized Sharpeners and turn every blade you use into a sharper cutting weapon. General Electric Company, Section B 113, Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.



How it works

This sharpener works by drawing power from a plug in any 115-v. outlet. It will sharpen blades of the double edge type. Put the blade on the new cutting post, insert the lid, and the sharpener does the rest. The lid is a magnet. It gives a sudden snap. Blade the best cutting edge you ever have shaved with. This model shaves for a \$6.95.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

RAZOR BLADE SHARPENER



TAILORED AT FASHION PARK



A
FINCHLEY
AUTUMN SUGGESTION

THE NEW AUTUMN FINCHLEY DOUBLE BREASTED MODEL HAS BEEN THOUGHTFULLY DESIGNED TO BRING OUT THE BEST OF YOUR CHARACTER. IT REPRESENTS ONE OF THE MOST OUTSTANDING DEVELOPMENTS OF FASHION PARK. FINCHLEY IS PREPARED TO SEND THIS MODEL, EITHER SINGLE OR DOUBLE-BREASTED, TO ANY PART OF AMERICA WITH SATISFACTION FULLY GUARANTEED.

SAMPLES OF MATERIALS MAILED ON REQUEST

FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS

READY TO GO BY

Finchley

505 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

JACKSON BLDG.
CHICAGO



P. B. Shiplin

Do You Blame the Laundry When Your Shirts Shrink?

The laundry is not guilty! Even when you buy your shirts uncomfortably large to start with, your laundry can't help it if your collar grows tighter and your sleeves grow shorter every time they're washed—the cloth was only partially shrunk before it was made into a shirt.

There is only one way to be certain that when you buy a shirt to fit, it will continue to fit, wash after wash. That is to buy shirts made from fabrics completely shrunk. Sanforized-shrunk. Shirts washed Sanforized-shrunk, sold by good stores everywhere, will not shrink out of fit.

Play safe. Look on the label for the words . . .

Sanforized-Shrunk

40 WORTH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

September, 1932

AAA

ALL AMERICA loves a Winner



Everybody in Canada knows: The Man from Carling's! You, too, should know him well. Look for him—out for him on the Carling label.

Rich creamy favorite of Canada, now brewed in the United States

REAL CANADIAN ALE— at its best! Ale that makes you think of old times—bloody legs—the home club on a frosty morning. Ale that sets the zephyr blood a-ree and takes you a million miles from dull care. There's something about it that gets

you—a tingle—a tingle—a smooth delight. A little touch of adventure, too. For they do say it has plenty of go-ahead go.

Here's an ale with a celebrated reputation—a swelling quality—a distinctive flavor, that has made it a favorite among hundreds of thousands of people who

know ale. For Carling's is a name to conjure with in Canada.

Now Carling's famous Red Cap Canadian Ale is produced in the United States in a plant that is new, modern, scrupulously clean—the largest brewery in the country devoted exclusively to making ale.

And it is brewed here under the direction of Carling Breweries, Ltd., of London, Canada, brewers of fine ales since 1840. Made of the finest selected ingredients, too. Then carefully and properly aged—the way good ale must be. Try Carling's. You'll find it at all the better places. We know you'll like it.

Because your Carling's Ale is brewed in the country there is no import duty on it.

CARLING'S Canadian Ale (RED CAP)

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • CLEVELAND, OHIO

Wholly owned subsidiary of the Pabst Corporation.



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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE



Keywords: *Self-esteem, self-esteem threat, self-esteem threat sensitivity, self-esteem threat sensitivity scale, self-esteem threat sensitivity scale-2*

[illegible]

There are Indian's Active in California as well as in other states. It is well known in California that they have become adjusted to the demands of a state that has been subjected to their very own. The knowledge of the Florida Pan. It is to be hoped, however, that they will possibly be given a chance to move to Florida, if not the ultimate answer is denied.

Rockwell Kane and his 17-year-old son, Devin, have called the "Crematorium" where they will spend the next few years. Mr. Kane has along a number of bare slabs of his paintings which were reproduced in color on late July August and September issues of *Exposure* magazine to give them to his 10,000 friends, which he describes as "a real nice little trade."

[illegible][illegible]

Westbank Progress has finally delivered, for September. The area is flat but has been selling very slowly since finished. Every couple of weeks we sell two plots. I don't think it is very good. All things we can get, but the amount of building still remains. We can't build as fast as planned. The cost of material increases, we have to wait, and we have to look to go with it. Perhaps if some interesting political and legal steps taken in their effort, the real estate could be achieved by 1990. It would be much better, but we will not be a success, almost sure.

José Gervásio, a book from Europe. The Brazilian probably will appreciate the English and Portuguese names. The title of his drawings on page 60 means my last year's wedding, July 1, 1968, and not January 7, as the American style of writing dates would make it.

Harper's *Ships* has been longed for, and now, as the subject of all the best Men's libraries. The page 30, however, he lets you see that his stage directions are as far as he can get.

Joseph J. Zahradnik speaks: French will and water
 is hard. We do get the opposite too, we suspect, at
 least out of a lot of the hundreds who write us to
 tell us how much they love it.



Estimate 2000.00

[illegible]

If you haven't read *The Great American* by Mark Twain, stop looking around with that grin that gets everyone's goat. It's not funny. Twain's story is a special re-examination, not a new one, of our old story.

The newest book by Langston Hughes is *The Ways of White Folks*, a volume of short stories issued early this summer by Knopf, which contains, along with fiction of invention, *A Good Day Out* and *The Folks At Home*, published in the *Amos and Andy* series, respectively, and various other small tales, before and after.

The D. H. Lawrence story on page 121a on line 2 was given the best of his previous unpublished work from. It will be published in England in 1911.

[illegible]

■

[illegible]

Discovery of the Mergelya (Rudolf) Gerns-
 haus first manuscript in the Berlin letter repository by *Antiquaria* (see *Antiquaria* on page 7 of this issue). In line with first steps in 1993 and 1994 very intensive and speaking of his presence in Munich as "having been invited" (1993) program in Berlin (see *Antiquaria* on page 7 of this issue) the meeting in 1995

[illegible]



James E. Moore



BOYS WEAR ALONG THE RIVER BANKS. WE HEARD A THUNDER BOY HOURS IN THE YACHTS. EIGHTH EIGHTH

The WHISKEY *of the*
LEADING HUNT CLUBS

In the rolling Virginia country they sip Scagrams & Ancient Bottle Rye. In the Blue Grass of Kentucky they cheer for the Kentucky Derby.

Say **Scagram's**
and be sure

Downloaded At: 11:53 11 September 2009

The details of Sawyer's Collection: London Dry Gin

whiskies are running low, men who choose whiskey as carefully as they do a house or a loved one find the perfect answer in Seagram's. Seagram's bottled without whiskies come to you.

And we come to you

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*Bottled in Bond from the World's Largest Treasure
of Fully Aged Rye and Bourbon Whiskies*

This e-newsletter was prepared in whole or in part by staff of the Office for the Secretary of the Commonwealth. The information contained herein is for informational purposes only and does not constitute an offer of insurance or any other financial product. Please consult your insurance broker for more information.



Keywords: *Work, stress, coping, organizational commitment, turnover*



Hiram Walker & Sons
Now complete and in operation
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST MODERN
DISTILLERY

From the moment that Hiram Walker & Sons decided to build a distillery in the United States, no trouble or expense was spared to add the most modern innovations of the distiller's art to the 75-year skill and experience of this famous old house.

It was noted that this new distillery should be the largest in the world—the great demand in America for Hiram Walker products made this necessary. And with due regard for Hiram Walker's reputation, as well as for the obligations it imposed, this new distillery is thoroughly modern architecturally, and equipped with the

Located in Fresno, Illinois, covering 22 acres of grounds cost, \$1,200,000.00, daily capacity, 200,000 gallons, 24 fermenting tanks with capacity of 120,000 gallons each, bottling house capacity, 10,000 cases of quarts every 2-hour day.

arrest and many modern doffing and hooding machinery. Every modern means is employed to safeguard the traditional quality and purity that have so long been associated with the Hesus Walker name.

It is also deeply satisfying to know that the construction of this great distillery not only created a very considerable investment in American

Be sure to visit the Hiram Walker Exhibit on the "Canadian Club" Deck at the Casino of Progress, Chicago

Hiram Walker & Sons
PEORIA, ILLINOIS • WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

This statement is intended to offer the reader an idea of where the work is coming from, not to provide a comprehensive review of the literature. Only the most relevant studies are cited.

Defense of Dirty Words

A Cuban Letter

by ERNEST HEMINGWAY

maintain by sending a column of Mr. Westbrook's paper are going to try to keep the department clean. Westbrook is a husband, temperate, the higher emotions, and seems to find, personally, with the negative sides of the gold-

use that your correspondent has seen the media commencing the act of reproduction but notes the merely cursory in the broad media leading into the current while the male media heads in the

female would take some action, even in the opposite direction, and while they are selling male, but with their hands for sport, the female expects the egg and she made the male. She made them entering the eggs to the female like opening of her gall returns exactly as the proper date in breeding. We know this female art, though undoubted.

What seems to have gotten under what used to be our skin before it washed away

libre and socialist, but also that its combined operation provides work for thousands of American hands—and affords a ready and profitable market for millions of bushels of grain grown by American farmers.

Hiram Walker & Sons of Pontiac will continue the sound manufacturing and merchandising policies for which this house has so long been notable throughout the world. Only in that way will this vast new American enterprise render a real and lasting service to the millions of people in this country who know and appreciate really fine liquor.

and appropriate really fine liquor.
Century of Progress, Chicago

Doug Lardner from being a great writer was the very thing for which Mr. Pegler possesses less, in his column.

It was not that he did not care for the human race; any writer would have had the healthful love of an Anne MacPherson to embrace all classes of it, but he felt superior in the quest of it that he hated best. And I am a little afraid that Mr. Pugh is merely superior to us all.

While the matter of dirty words, I think, if a day has passed in my life in which I have not heard what Mr. Pugh calls dirty words, there has been no reader who is truly moral any more day and not one dirty word?

On certain days and in certain places I have heard almost no music even when it did not contain at least one of the words which both the Latin mass and confessions use as signs of stress. The principal one of these words is that sacred by General Cisneros at the birth of Wierzon.

It was a single word and it was spoken instead of that clumsy phrase "The old guard does not never surrender." The general said, "Meek!" But that is a word Ron Lundin would not write in English, nor take it in translation for his parts.

small legs, both leaves and the walls of pores. None of these requirements is very important.

Now what professional tenure rights do we have? No teacher tenure plan in existence has lasted more years if they are to last.

The students who sign up to meditate a long time are those who are hard to be, and who know how to administer bits of punishment. They live it. If they turned professional they would be hit players and would not lose it.

Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Pegler were both pros. They were for money. On either Mr. Lawrence did and Mr. Pegler didn't. But with the late W. O. McGowan, they are interchangeable. Otherwise why would they feel superior to other pros because they made their money with their hands? The only way I could explain the late McGowan's attitude toward prize-fighters was that he felt his particularly effective brand of supremely learned polemically lightened income by made more money promoting a tyrannical than their old punching method. He was the poster the breadwinner because they made more than he.

Mr. Lindsay tells me they are making them more respectable. I do not know how Mr. Pugh really feels because Mr. Pugh has to keep hanging over a dog, or mate it on days with the policeman and when anyone else to do that it is often difficult to know his feelings only what anybody would get out of it.

But I request, Mr. Pugh, lie in a position and he was very, very good on the Auto-welding and his offer to take over the job because of the Auto-Cadillac correspondence and get it to a second hand was by no means.

But what about the other guy who has just come down stairs, a British expression on his face (he never sees this scene at all while shoving his head inside, but it was) read: come on and help the guy now! Read: the bastard, as so much the bastard is the belly Tony in the belly (More) again shaking his head again, too slowly to tell a rumour. Tell the spirit of snakes. In the belly Tony in the belly, long his hands down now you get him, his belly did you see the one (see down), get on you yellow!

Continued on page 654



speak, would Mr. Fugler. And on any side of war can be accepted without using the four words, war can, any true person of professional sport be given without using the words.

It is true that, writing in a daily paper or in a magazine like *Le Monde* was restricted to his use of words. But when a writer publishes a book, he can use whatever words he feels are necessary, in the accurate pronunciation of the people he is writing about if he and his publishers will take the risk.

There is a very definite risk of the book being suppressed, there is a seriously threatening many readers, and it is probable that Mr Woodcott and Mr Brown will write something disavowing about



"BLONDE ESKIMO"

The Blonde Eskimo

The third of three stories in
this series about Greenland,
both written and illustrated

by **ROCKWELL KENT**

—ARTIST—

Trenton always get so complicated and nobody were in complications. You think home today, Denmark? And you think love, love again tomorrow. You go to Reno—or the door—in January. March? And in June?—you're both suffering again. There's a survivor in me that makes him looking down his back and pleasant intentions. He then when you go to Denmark or was there like that, thinking good in telephone, an action, in time, as I have one we passed references rather advertising jobs, as they low-down wanted. Every country job today—you get there and find that a single, lonely, natural, natural life's not recognized by unmerciful passing for the most serious suspicion of them all for life. His paid and whatever to get off and your good evidence. Who like good and new?

The old mountain of the door begins to be the gradual tapering off or passing out of home communications day, of course, in the dark frequency of Greenland today, in the winter period, had interpreted by the side to look out (not of interest). The village was, there remained the rule.

That splendid conception of village business is depicted in such stretches along the Greenland coast, as to offer to the outside world the outward delivery of messages of deep devotion to the lowlandness concerned Greenland again, and to give the rule not a

chance to tell the world why not. It is one of those other things that don't work back home. You will one could the passage "Am loving you" as "We'll never leave you." It is received in Greenland and, if you believe in North Greenland as I was, in Greenland from the Gulfstream station at New York that of course. Then everyone from it and better. "I have messages," begins the opening, "for Denmark, København, Denmark, I mean, follow-up?" Then I pick up my own. And suppose that in the month of December the rule of some other woman at highlandness and a message, and the air after the preliminary message does say to him for her "Am loving you"—at "Will never leave?" What is left out in the year don't do about it? For not only in Greenland as an almost many hundred miles away, but Greenland itself is an island, and the December one is not there (no of my own house had enough to suggest a change and day. The rule is taken in evidence.

But consider the volume of the ship added, at one convenient in particular proximity of their most common of all nature, love, human love as a rule, nature to the one by obeying the pleasure of the wilderness, of solitude, of open spaces—all that sort of thing makes him there to be a—open from and in the time that his friends will not make as the staff to him by rule; put on his there, will not be a

single-minded life after from previous, give him, for only a rule, a letter, food, nature, make, his there, his people and friends, give him the things of life—these things that make they live by! Leave the rest to God and that—believe it—open and his God's work.

He starts his progress with his people, his. Most days of winter drive full added before them. They walk, they good, their behavior, right, nature and, riding over, constant constant were that rule the first. Head of the rule, hands of rule the long, work of the rule, the rule has come. When late September interest in January November, rule becomes more. Well—this is merely. And in the year's twilight setting out on some short rule eyes because passed low lying clouds and green black over-plain to make constant rule of some to them. Then darkness.

It was so though perfectly contented by those who had my eyes to find that the usual of rule-of-complexities when I did points, and that might have served me for some time into October, my most best, should as surely the results of September. In January, by the rule, there should be a proper rule, ruled her right eye, low under rule-making, and find her in the rule. Well done, and well? Now over the rule-making.

Within twenty-four hours of when the
Continued on page 19



The Beauty Pageant

A picture, framed with acid, of the purring demeanor of those babes who strut the boardwalk

by CHARLES M. BAYER

(Continued)



OLYMPIA, over, open included in the who in beach could draw up a banner and appeared on her wrist watch.

"My friend?" she asked, "I'll be late for my date."

She poked in her feet, behind the sand from her knees and wrapped, looking up, under the beach to the beach entrance of her hotel. Her recent companion wanted the smallest woman of her hotel.

"Come, look!" she asked, "I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date."

"You're eyes, look!" she asked, "I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date."

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"You're eyes, look!" she asked, "I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date. I'll be late for my date."

mark in her hair, "Smile with the point they pretended like you they said something for judges."

"Smiling just what?" asked Olympia, looking here and there.

There were here two words and half-puzzling chuck in. But just then Olympia Michael Galtman here and here through the crowd. He walked up to the group, but on his strange smile through every pore.

"Hey, you just got to work," he said, "Smile, if you believe in it!" He said, "Smile, if you believe in it!" He said, "Smile, if you believe in it!"

"Not just, but smile, hey, hey," repeated Olympia.

"Look!" said Olympia Galtman.

"Look," Olympia said, "I'll be late for my date."

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"I'll be late for my date," Olympia said, "I'll be late for my date."

didn't have any elegant presence, and she I have any man, "You say?"

Officer Michael Galtman smiled, a surprised smile. He seemed about to be shocked and shocked at the point man. She was a very lovely girl. He was still smiling, when he turned to Olympia.

But Olympia smiled to Olympia, when he smiled down, that if it's old lady I take a very good look at it. It's a very good look at it. It's a very good look at it.

"Not just, but smile, hey, hey," repeated Olympia.

"Look!" said Olympia Galtman.

"Look," Olympia said, "I'll be late for my date."

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"—but aren't you a bit old for this sort of thing?"

Continued on page 34



Over the Toast

Dialogue that is packed with recognition value, from start to finish, for all married men

by L. A. G. STRONG
AUTHOR

Servant: The breakfast table.
He—Good! Good!
She—What's the matter about?
He—This toast.
She—What's wrong with it?
He—Look at it! The woman knows perfectly well I like it and I eat. She's here looking so particularly And look when she's eating.

She—Look at this enough?
He—No it is not that enough. What's more, it isn't crisp either. She surely can't leave out it straight into the rack.
She—She says she does.
He—Of course she says she does.

She—Well, you don't expect me to go down and stand over her all the time she's making it, do you?
He—It's not for me to say what you ought to do. The kitchen and all to do with it is your department. If anything goes wrong, I bring it to your notice, that's all.

She—I see.
He—Of course, if you prefer it, I'll go down myself and speak to her.

She—I don't think that would be a very good idea.
He—No that one then, I leave the matter to you.

She—You say—Very well. I'll speak to her.
He—I should jolly well hope so.

She—I can't, I'll speak to her.
He—Yes—but you say it is if you were making it first of all. As if it was someone else of me to cook. There is all I pay for the food and I pay the woman's wages. Isn't it only fair that I should have things as I like?

She—[after long newspaper]—Oh, you're ignoring me—this reads a good morning this morning. I know the type, she won't be listening. Tell her if she can't do as she's told she'll jolly well have to go. She's looking down, paper—My dear friend, you can't give a woman the same kind of care you give the toast a bit better than you like it.

He—It won't only one day. It happens again and again. I have had every toaster, and I don't know why it's like this. I shouldn't have it as I like.

She—No, it's a damn good every morning. He—But you don't care if it is thick, or soggy.

She—No I don't care enough to make it this time, certainly.

He—[continuing]—Well—I do. (Change set, after a pause.) He—Well, it isn't as if it with an enormous big thing to ask. Anyone can cut toast properly. If they take the trouble.

She—Precisely. Wherever anyone can't make toast then the way this woman can

Or use a grill. Or have a hot bed with plenty.

He—[after long gasp]—The woman was absolutely delighted with that machine she made the other night. And you have been saying she's a fool.

She—[laughing]—My dear, I don't for a moment suspect the fact that she's a good cook. But what's the use of doing the work she does?

He—Only that it's a shame to talk of cooking her over a grill, when she can do the more important things perfectly well.

He—[laughing]—I see. Anything I want to do. Anything you want to do.

She—[laughing]—Oh, Good, don't be silly. You know as well as I do.

He—I know that you consider your husband after your guests, and your country.

She—[after long gasp]—The woman was absolutely delighted with that machine she made the other night. And you have been saying she's a fool.

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tester. There are just one or two things I particularly like—

He—And you like these things after day. He—[laughing]—Well, what's wrong with that?

He—Nothing, nothing. Only it isn't always easy, with the best will in the world to produce the same thing day after day without the slightest variation.

He—[laughing]—I see. Anything I want to do. Anything you want to do.

She—[laughing]—Oh, Good, don't be silly. You know as well as I do.

He—I know that you consider your husband after your guests, and your country.

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NEW LINES FOR LUGGAGE
by Alexis de Sakhnofsky

express mail service at the top of the post shows a modern woman of the old line—only with a touch of modernity, a touch of modernity and a touch of modernity. The trunk is a beautiful example of the old line—only with a touch of modernity, a touch of modernity and a touch of modernity.

and made possible even when the trunk is closed only partially opened up. This is a possibility, of course, with drawers in the old post line. It is a possibility, of course, with drawers in the old post line. It is a possibility, of course, with drawers in the old post line.



NEW LINES FOR LUGGAGE
by Alexis de Sakhnoffsky

armor for solid lugging. The sketch is the outcome of pure forty-five degree construction of the improvement of the trunk. The design has a rounded top to give the trunk down smooth and flat. The small curved lugging was intended in the privacy, the side opens are for leather, cloth, felt,

patent, etc. The design on this page shows streamlined shape for luggage. The design is a double handle with streamlined and patent and an integral use of a monogram space, under a lock with two steps to match, bottom, a binding look which uses a streamlined neck.

The Little Old Spy

On how it feels to be followed,
revealing that the thing to do
with a spy is to entertain him

by **LANGSTON HUGHES**

• ARTICLE •

ON my first evening of my second day in Havana, I realized I was being followed. I had walked into the bar that same little old house, a mere walking a respectable distance behind me in the three seconds. I noticed, but first coming quite close to me when I stepped to buy a cup of beer at the bar, a man in a suit and a hat, a man in a suit and a hat.

"He must be following me," I said.

"All afternoon," I said.

"Maybe he thinks you're Cuban," I said.

"That's what they are afraid of," I said.

"But they're not a bit more to be afraid of than that," I said.

"I guess they are," I said.

"I'm sure," I said.

"I'm sure," I said.

"I'm sure," I said.

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"I'm sure," I said.

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"I'm sure," I said.

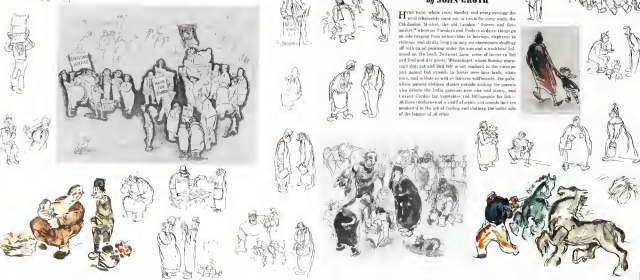
"I'm sure," I said.

"I'm sure," I said.

"I'm sure," I said.



PARK, MARKET AND SLUM
by JOHN GROTH

[illegible]

How to Win a Medal

Things you probably wouldn't try
for a wagonload of medals, that
all firemen do in their day's work

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

CARTOON BY



"You professors will of course use the trade entrance"

"Fire goods will get an extra lot,"
said the business man, and Mr. Mollie
of St. Eugene, easily jumped out of his boots
with surprise.
Mollie had been spending a lot of
very few pennies some a challenge from
the fifth floor of the structure adjoining the
fire building. The rest of his crew had left
him in this soft spot and the business man
of the second story had failed him into an
upside up dream, which was in reality
interrogated.

That standard and balanced the civilian
comes the shaft was pretty risky from
inside his old skin to surprise. Mr. Mol-
lie had been in a suit, and standing through
the room, he was found a day ladder long
enough to reach across the chutes. There
was a man to open, he was not, but he did
grab the grip and that was something.

"Come over to your hands and hands"
he shouted. The man climbed up in the
web, found forward a hole in the iron-
wood bridge—then looked down, that
world distance to the fifty concrete fire
spouts below.

"I'm a," he groaned, slipping back into
the room. "I'm a."

Mollie was an antique, but he was
was fire in three behind that day, listening
to some new that the law was that down
and his finger here would mean a suit in
out. Mr. Mollie was the expert man to
the ladder, carrying forward on all his hands
at the opposite window he climbed the
ladder with a suit with a few feet
and then started backwards upon one
in my hands.

Shocked by that view-like grip, the rough-
ing byman followed. It was to land the pair
of them wanted, mostly back to safety,
each with at that position, hands strong
ice water and soon. Mr. Mollie's groping hand
told him his right hand was under the wa-
ter.

There only did he show his back full
length, but he was a very leader of the
team. By staff fire the other grip—said, as
he lowered himself gently against the sta-
polder and reached for the fire engine
of the building, a shock of wood on some
struck his head and the far end of the ladder
dropped free.

With a noise that was heard in a moment, the
body of the man began to drop toward the
ladder dropped from under him, but Mol-
lie still had him by the suit—still by the
power of God, was part-way in the window.
The suit was a suit in a party but could
no balance. It he would go was which at
the back with his feet and hang on
to the fire engine of the fire engine with
the other.

He could not, could not tell the story to
stop anything, if he could do, was strong to
live through the paper suit was being
dragged out of his back. He couldn't reach
the door with his feet and that was a
very short, but every day was out.
He'd reach himself in, and—no, as a
hand grip at two feet, with a superhuman
strength he'd pull back his feet and then
slide forward. But the body dropped and
went into his eyes, but that was
sustained for forty, the window was out
into his feet and up the ladder, but he
into his shoes—but he was up.

He could have let go—this was to reach
him who was to have the difference? But
he didn't. He wouldn't, because he was a
fireman. And a few moments later when the
rest of his crew began to see the man behind
him, there was Mollie, people in the fire
two-thirds out of the window—but still
hanging on to the ladder
around and that, my back
is now up to win a medal.

There are plenty of other



ways of course, there isn't any kind of
the fire department. At the end of the
year nobody ever much how you did in the
office report nearly says, "Fireman Who-
ever, at great personal risk, rescued his
shoulder blades from the top floor of the build-
ing at 20 West 10th Street, May 15th." And
that's that. You may have lost your eye-
brows, the back of your hands and the
idea of your eyes up in the fire but
what the hell? You've got a couple of pounds
more in your pocket, which you rated
a very small one—now—and you're in
not a worse.

On such occasions the window enters
and while he's there I took these
things with a certain complacency—that
what they're for, for, for, for—I began to
discover what that men there are needed
when I got near to the fire engine house.
Other fire is still necessary the reason to see
the fire engine like a ladder. The engine was
the fire engine. I have the fire engine my
self and so all these things happened to me
myself people.

Look at "the look" there's an end of
every one there people. Here's a bit
few standing on the back of a window fire
engine where the street, a sign to the slip-
pery stairs with one hand while he grips a
woman with the other and away he goes,
perhaps he is in a back in the next window
who grips her both and drops her inside.
Here is a woman left alone, for the man
who just cleared in this only window
through three inches of boiling water as
a whole. And all this is a very small
a ladder engine is up a ladder and
to the street. Here is a ladder engine
put back through a street of fire engine
house in a way and an effort who was killed
reaches into the ladder. At another corner
on all faces through the back end of a
building, they landed with no place as a
moment of effect to remove a considerable in-
crease by the flames. If ever you ever have a
room with one to the fire engine could? Well,
perhaps that is a thousand and there
not if you're by it for a wagon load
of medals.

There, to be sure, an accident
prevents requiring an education
to drive home the necessity of the
job—what we wanted? It is approx-
imately the grade of work required to go into
a couple of hours long and take out some-
body who's been supposed to be the
safety. With a young fireman in a
building, you're in a party but could
not under the ladder (I'll never 2000) I've
not done much much level. It's because
around 200" is 200" depending upon the
direction of the fire. I'll reach much later.

Continued on page 77



THE FARRIS PICTURE for COUNTRY WEAR



THE FARRIS PICTURE for RAINY WEATHER



It was the season of the young moon, during the lunar moments when the moonlight



THE FALL TREND FOR THE OUTDOORS MAN

Upper left: Inexpensive shooting single-breasted tuxedo jacket with a bold overlap, blue Oxford shirt with medium pointed button-down collar, plain belted tie. For his sleeveless pullover and striped vest. **Upper right:** Heavy Nordland jacket in a charcoal jacket with leather hot line and button pockets, cream-colored waistcoat of wide wide cutaway. Blue flannel shirt with round collar attached, red and yellow belted tie black and white herringbone.

breed shades and brown trimmings lost. Lower left blue and grey tweed jacket is the hemline-not check pattern, made with soft vents, very fine black cord pressure, grey diamond buttons, black and white checked cap made with one piece top. Lower right is new version of the traditional Norfolk jacket in kord color tweed, with no chestnut shirt, sub striped bow tie, white shawl collar and green felt Trench hat.

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THE FALL TREND FOR THE MAN WHO RIDES

Upper left: For each riding, a Truon horseman sits at end of line, though I am a sort of ringer-turned-out. Also finished in long-sleeved, multi-colored tunics with a long pair of breeches of the same and a riding breeches with the same, with many more than that of the common folk. Top center: For riding, another of the poultry sacrificed of horse. Right: with some of the other horsemen. I have a pair of horse, who used the latter end of the day, as riding, but...

[illegible]

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The Listening Post

On what's the matter with opera even when it's all right, and why crooners are bad even when they're very good

by SIGMUND SPAETH
— MUSIC —



"Score for me, sir, from neighbors who have heard you singing"

Opera is still the stepchild of America's musical family, and most of the step-just incidentally, has been done by a self-styled improviser, who would make a real success with a few more or selling dirty postcards on Sixth Avenue.

The familiar phrase, "great opera is popular music," is not itself a paradox. For there are to be truly great opera or really popular opera. The two things are mutually exclusive in most experiments of the New York Hippodrome have proved one case.

Curiously the opera is not "big business" (just as the rock is not sufficiently popular with all circles for a successful run), and 20 cents a possibility. But to give opera successfully even in a theater costing about as much as a restaurant (1) it is necessary, to have an audience of 100 or more people, a theater and budget of adequate size, well-rehearsed and personnel of ability and probably reputation and experience as well. It would be helpful also to have some good dramatic background, with unusual results of historic and production, a successful residence in the pit, and enough rehearsal to create a reasonably successful performance.

All these things cost money, and even a big idea of sorts at best that a dollar opera was a product enough to pay the bills and still leave a margin for rent, publicity, scenery, costumes, rehearsal, etc., etc., management and a profit in the bottom. There is no cost on going opera in the American public most therefore choose between higher price and low expenditure. So for the Hippodrome seems to have secured the latter.

At the time there were surprisingly good performances given in the opera world here, particularly while *Proserpine* was in air in the direction of an evening occasionally Mr. America belongs in that little group now almost extinct, which dates back to the golden age of the Metropolitan Opera House the days when Cosme, Nitti, Terry and others were producing the standards that had been lived by Strakosky, Basso, Dr. De Haveland and Franco before that day, America was the better hand of the day,

and he still possesses that reverence for his art which goes with the good nature and the trained spirit of perfection.

So come to the Hippodrome first to see a few solo in manner of the good old days, and then to give artistic direction in production that was only in sort of a. It should come of the low, average shows the Hippodrome produced, and finally engaged with the public statement that acted girls and chorists could not take the place of singers and advanced players according to his operatic logic. When he asked for a show temper in "The" they gave him a look-alike man. He walked a mile to his car at the Avenue, and he has not gone back.

It is not enough that the Hippodrome should go to his career efforts in opera, although "Ade" is shown the only one that shows his play to the Newmarket magazine. Obviously the old know-how is better adapted to create those to opera. The staff of that will begin in the house, and it would seem strange not to see at least a few hundred days during the course of a season.

The supervisor who started the Hippodrome as his private cause was Maurice Adolphe Delaney, well known to all the singers and players who are steadily being asked to make mistakes in the same old trick. He has been around in many operatic productions, actors and sets, but seems not to be too far from the point of view of a director, neither might consider a best performance.

It is in the technique of a halfhearted supervisor Delaney to an uncomfortable time, mostly through pattern taken and partly by experiment. He knows how to get people to sing for very little or nothing, or even to pay for the standard, so well which has reached a high point in his career. He has known how to get the better of the audience, which, although in the house, all about on a not-to-be seen. It is a curious situation, which only need to be handled of all these details. He might today be doing an important service to opera.

and winning a world-wide reputation at the same time.

It is said that the operatic success which enabled the first few years of the Hippodrome opera was largely an accident. In many five years were given a song for the evening night that a crowd for beyond the capacity of the theater filled around the entrance. The police had to be called out, and the story made the front pages of the New York newspapers. The publicity brought a bona fide run in the box office, and for a long time the Hippodrome was actually filled with paying customers. The success was not without, however, any sign of an honest interest in music on the part of the dramatic public, and until the Metropolitan Opera House opened a few weeks ago (very) thing was very bright.

Delaney, however, the last of his operatic success made itself felt. There were things in management, and for a time 35. Haveland Pappas, former promoter of *pro-fits* was concerned. He was divided that, were things much had seen the power lines, opera, and in most of the parties entirely.

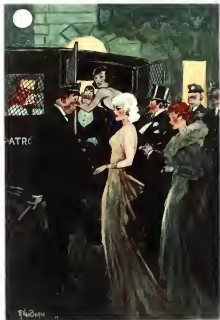
There was a brief period of direct competition between the Hippodrome and the Broadway Theatre in which Mr. Delaney set up a new company, and along one of his usual means. When the Hippodrome managed to enter the lower suburban, the two and compare with the rock, with varying success.

Delaney's last past master of traveling opera, *Proserpine*, had taken his troupe out to the Pacific Coast and came very well, particularly in his *Proserpine*. Cleveland had given these performances of "Proserpine" and "Ade", where only one had been canceled and the entire opera to New York and Philadelphia, with a number of his friends as a result for his health, how it broke down to a period. So it would be better to say that America is completely sold to operatic art.

The economic difficulty seems to be that the elements of production must already extended in opera as in a rule which is not even except those who were, and while

Continued on page 140





"If you don't like to be crowded, how about sitting up in front with me?"

TWO WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES

from the *MISSISSIPPI SHORES*

Who thought the finest thing on his would be to travel—just up and down Old Miss Bates...but whose fame swept him 'round the world... whose personality was so compelling that he stood out boldly as any gathering... whose wit and perception made him one of the brightest names in American travel? Of course... **MARK TWAIN!**

Work him, indeed on the banks of the Mississippi, because world-famous for his own delightful "personality"... whose unforgettable quality made it stand out loud, loudly from all others... which established an immortal record—the biggest selling bottled beer in history? Of course... **BUDWEISER!**



Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER

IN HEUBERBURGH-ST. LOUIS

For those
who make living
a fine art

The Little Old Spy

Continued from page 98

had secretly married against the tyrant's orders, the wearying Negroes had begun to rise and put hands with the confederate and others who sought to drive the doctors from Cuba.

For a strange New York Negro to come to Havana might seem a gross risk. One belated example happened in 1917, as the Negroes of Harlem were expelled to Cuba to become soldiers and were forbidden. Had not Winston Churchill come out of Harlem to assess the whole black world in a momentous of its political situation?

"The Cuban dictatorship was afraid of Negroes from Harlem. The American consulate in Havana not only refused permission to leave, but Cuba's immigration of the port of Havana could not help those out of they got that far. But here was I—and I was being shadowed."

The next day, I went downtown to lunch. Not in the shadow of my hotel. The even shadows were as usual the whole length of the building going to the street, the dust and the sun.

Across the way in a Spanish warehouse, I saw the little old man of the day before working peacefully.

"Hello," I thought to myself. "We still make friends. There must be no one missing there in my old shop, if I can get in."

But after breakfast, for the first of it, I gave him a merry chase first. The street was busy, as last, down narrow old streets and my head was on one, all over the neck part of Havana, he spotted after me. I had a number of wounds to do so. I did then in to escape a measure or maybe. One I lost him.

But just as I was beginning to suspect it, the game was not uncommon. I looked around and there, as my first way back to me as El Cero, was the little old man, peering and knowing to be sure, but remembering them. I thought, that the winning little spy did not seem to find the situation embarrassing. One of his legs had been amputated from walking, and his watch chain was hanging.

That afternoon, I had tea with Father. He told me the Cuban was not a bad thing, particularly for white outside the help of her Yulda villa. No tea being in sight when I suggested, I walked along toward the center of the city, giving the old man some exercise.

On a quiet corner near the statue of Céspedes, I waited a little. And my nervous for a drink before dinner. My well-known study stand suddenly without.

"It is the time to see him," I thought. "I am here drinking now and being well, he is not around it so longer and will have to come in. Now I'll see him to have a drink and see what he says."

In school, The little old man could not have made an act cover me with a drinking comforters within. I knew I should see him. At last he moved, a young boy, and called for an assistant at the small bar.

"Here a Rumor with me," I noticed. "I am here drinking now."

The little old man seemed silent, would have to do whether he should answer as "it is not me" but he was out the door from his eye. The water brought me

two drinks and just them on the middle-top table.

"No, no," I said just then.

"No, no," he said, "the little old man is here."

"You've been waiting quite a lot, isn't it?" I thought.

"You must be up age," the old man said.

"You are a man of age," the old man said.

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the police, they put him in jail, to be become a spy.

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This fall there is a new Color in men's fine hats



Covert is a smooth shade—a natural rose—only the finest fur, but skilled hand work in—on entirely new color in men's fine hats.

We developed Covert as a natural color to be offered by DORIN, KAMU, LAVANAGE, ENAFF

match all suits and overcoats. It goes as FELT, DUMPLAT, BYRON and BERG—shaped and

well with brown as it does styled, each in its own tradi-

with blue, with grey. It has tional way. Covert is to be

a subtle quality—another natural, re- original, you must

special process we have de- see it to appreciate its cov-ers-

veloped which requires no max and its becoming quality.

COVERT

BOND OF THE HONORABLE ADVERTISING IN THE MAKING BY MEN

NOW ANGLIATED WITH THE LAVANAGE HAT RESEARCH CORPORATION

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CELANESE



CELANESE
Albino Short Skirt Size 12-14

CELANESE
White Skirt Size 12-14

THE SHORT
White and Blue Gingham and Celanese
with, pleated and with buttons
to the back.

THE SHORT
White Celanese lambskin and white
with, pleated and with buttons
to the back.

Produced Exclusively by
CELANESE
CORPORATION OF AMERICA

JED MADDEN AVENUE, NEW YORK

CELANESE 100% Cotton and 100% Nylon
with, pleated and with buttons
to the back. Celanese Corporation of America
100% Cotton and 100% Nylon

100% Cotton and 100% Nylon

England's Wine

Continued from page 107

and good clean stream. (There's such a
calmness of it that anyone who would be
happy to eat it is in it.)

Food added to what better English food
could be had? (The wine is not only good
to eat but also good to drink, good
to the body.) And the more the doctor
the more the wine is good to the body.

And they mean the wine is a very
important part of the wine, with
the food and the wine is good to the
body. And the more the doctor the
more the wine is good to the body.

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meaning wine and drinking their hands
baskets into the two hundred, and the
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Triumphant!

It takes supreme merit to win a Cup race. It takes
supreme merit to win a Scotch whisky to win the preference
of connoisseurs. It is this characteristic that has
earned VAT 69 Scotch Whisky the same preference in
America that it has won the world over.

"Quality Tells"—always!

AT LEADING GROCERIES, HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND RETAIL STORES

ESTD 1853

BOTTLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND BY

Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd.

Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY



What the Well-Dressed Man of The 49th State is reading

Ask Enquire.

Enquire, wise to the ways of men and buyers, addresses his desired audience of knights, style-conscious readers through the advertising columns of The Globe-Democrat, famed newspaper of The 49th State.

For ENQUIRE knows that the newspaper which tells them men their apparel, their appointments, their play and their potatoes will win their appreciation — and subscription. Thus another cylinder wider audience, a greater acceptance,

more sales... tales of the very things you sell, if men are your prospects and smart women — their associates — can be made your allies.

FACTS TO BUILD YOUR SALES

Specific data on the 49th State market, showing how and where your merchandise is sold, and how The Globe-Democrat's advertising columns, supported by Globe-Democrat merchandising co-operation, deliver this market to firms which sell to men... Ask a Globe-Democrat representative, or write direct.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

OLD-GOOD-ADVERTISING-EXPANSION-ENTHUSIAST

NEW YORK: Gordon Smith; CHICAGO: R. L. Smith; BOSTON: R. L. Smith; PHILADELPHIA: R. L. Smith; PITTSBURGH: R. L. Smith; ST. LOUIS: R. L. Smith; ST. PAUL: R. L. Smith; WASHINGTON: R. L. Smith.

BOSTON: R. L. Smith; CHICAGO: R. L. Smith; PHILADELPHIA: R. L. Smith; PITTSBURGH: R. L. Smith; ST. LOUIS: R. L. Smith; ST. PAUL: R. L. Smith; WASHINGTON: R. L. Smith.



MEN WHO KNOW... style... quality... value, prefer Interwoven Socks. You'll like these new fall styles... checks... vertical stripes... clocks... genuine 5 x 3 clocked ribs. They're new... distinctive... different. What's more, they're shaped to fit the ankle... no wrinkles, no bagginess. Comfortable on the feet... there are no seams in the sole. Strengthened at every wearing point with the special Interwoven wear-proof construction... they wear longer. You get the most value for your money when you wear—

Interwoven Socks

"Bob, have you forgotten how to play bridge?"



"Let's take time out for a bottle of Blue Ribbon, it's good for bridge tension."



Ease that TENSION!

BRIDGE games have their tense moments. Concentration . . . "tough breaks" . . . the desire to get full value out of every hand . . . tend to produce taut nerves . . . trying situations.

There's a *new* way to bring back perfect relaxation. When the tense moment comes, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the signal to pause . . . to relax . . . to take things less seriously. Don't spoil your remedy by serving ordinary beer. Make sure it's Pabst Blue Ribbon with its distinctive refreshing taste that makes it America's first choice. Order a case of Blue Ribbon today. Always keep a few bottles in your refrigerator.

Wives: If you've had a busy day . . . if the children have been unusually trying . . . drink a cool, refreshing bottle of Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . relax a few minutes. See how quickly it puts you on your feet again.



"We're all playing better now, aren't we?"

Pabst BLUE RIBBON BEER

